

P Diddy, Can't Nobody Hold Me Down

(Puff) Bad Boy... we ain't gon' stop

Verse One: Mase

Now with Sean on the hot track, melt like it's hot wax
Put it out, all the stores, bet you could shop that (that's right)
Leave a nigga with a hot hat, fronting like
Bad Boy ain't got tracks (nigga stop that)
There's no guy slicker than this young fly nigga
Nickel-nine nigga, floss you die quicker (uh-huh)
This fed time outta town pie flipper
Turn Cristal into a Crooked I sipper
Everbody want to be fast, see the cash
Fuck around they weak staff, get a heat rash
Anything in Bad Boy way we smash (we smash)
Hundred G stash, push a bulletproof E-Class (ehehe)
I'm through with bein a player and a baller
Just want me one bad bitch so I can spoil her
Mase wanna be the one you respect, even when you're vexed
Rock Versace silks over spilled brunette
Got green never seen so you suck my jewels
Clutch my uz', anything I touch I bruise
Puff make his own laws, nigga fuck your rules (that's right)
Goodfellas, you know you can't touch us dudes
[Puff] Don't push us, cause we're close to the, edge
[Puff] We're tryin, not to lose our heads, a-hah hah hah hah

Verse Two: Mase

Broken glass everywhere *glass shatters*
if it ain't about the money, Puff, I just don't care (that's right)
I'm that Goodfella fly guy, sometimes wiseguys
Spend time in H-A-W-A-I-I
(Mase can you please stop smoking lah lah?)
Puff why try? I'm a thug, I'ma die high
I be out in Jersey, puffin Hershey
Brothers ain't worthy to rock my derby
Though I'm never drugged, I'm the venom in the club, G
Though I know the thug be wantin to slug me (uh-huh)
Could it be I move as smooove as Bugsy? (yeah)
Or be at the bar with too much bubbly? (c'mon)
Yo I think it must be the girls want to lust me
Or is it simply the girls just love me
Brothers wanna: rock the Rolls, rock my clothes
Rock my ice, pull out Glocks, stop my life (uhh)
I'm like, "Damn, how these niggaz got they trust?
Used to be my man, how you gonna plot on my wife?"
Do you think you snake me, cause they hate me?
Or he got his Ph.D; Player Hater's Degree? (Ahaha!)

Chorus: Mase, Puff Daddy

[Mase] Can't nobody take my pride
[Puff] Uh-uh, uh-uh
[Mase] Can't nobody hold me down... ohh no
[Mase] I got to keep on movin

Verse Three: Mase

Quit that! (uh-huh) You a big cat? (yeah)
Where your chicks at? (yeah) Where your whips at? (where dey at?)
Wherever you get stacks, I'ma fix that
Everything that's big dreams, I did that (that's right)
Don't knock me cause you're boring
I'm record sales soaring (*whistling*) straight touring
Simply a lot of men be wantin to hear me
cause their words just don't offend me (uh-uh, uh-uh)
We spend cheese, in the West Indies
Then come home to plenty cream Bentleys (ahehe)
You name it, I could claim it
Young, black, and famous, with money hangin out the anus
And when you need a hit, who you go and get? (who?)

Bet against us? (Not a sure bet)
We make hits that'll rearrange your whole set (that's right)
and got a Benz that I ain't even drove yet
[Mase] Don't push us, cause we're close to the, edge
[Mase] We're tryin, not to, lose our heads, a-hah-hah-hah-hah
[Mase] I get the feeling sometime, that make me wonder
[Mase] Why you wanna take us under
[Puff] Why you wanna take us under